defuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that full iſ-
ſue for which I raz'd my likenes: now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt
ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condem'd, thy maiſter whom thou
loueſt, ſhall find thee full of labour.

*Enter Lear.*

*Lear.* Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how
now, what art thou?

*Kent.* A man Sir.

*Lear.* What doſt thou profeſſe? what would'ſt thou with vs?

*Kent.* I doe profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him
truly that will put me in truſt; to loue him that is honeſt, to con-
uerſe with him that is wiſe, and ſayes little; to feare iudgement,
to fight when I cannot chuſe; and to eate no fiſhe.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honeſt harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a King, thart
poore enough; what would'ſt thou?

*Kent.* Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'ſt thou ſerue?

*Kent.* You. *Lear.* Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

*Kent.* No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which
I would faine call Maiſter.

*Lear.* Whats that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

*Lear.* What ſeruices canſt doe?

*Kent.* I can keepe honeſt counſaile; ride, run; mar a curious
tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly; that
which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the beſt
of me, is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not ſo yong to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to
dote on her for any thing; I haue yeares on my backe fortie
eight.

*Lear.* Follow mee, thou ſhalt ſerue mee, if I like thee no
worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet; dinner, ho din-
ner; wher's my knaue, my foole; goe you and call my foole he-
ther, you ſirra, whers my daughter?

*Enter Steward.*

*Steward.* So pleaſe you,

*Lear.* What ſay's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe,
wher's



whers my foole; ho I thinke the
wher's that mungrel?

*Kent.* He ſay's my Lord, your

*Lear.* Why came not the ſla
him?

*ſeruant.* Sir, hee anſwered m
would not. *Lear.* A would no

*ſeruant.* My Lord, I know not
iudgemēt, your highnes is not ēt
affection as you were wont; ther
well in the generall dependants
and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha,

*ſeruant.* I beſeech you pardon
for my dutie cannot bee ſilent,
wrong'd.

*Lear.* Thou but remember'ſt
haue perceiued a moſt faint negl
blamed as mine owne ielous curi
purport of vnkindneſſe; I will
this foole? I haue not ſeene him

*ſeruant.* Since my yong Ladies
hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that, I haue
daughter, I would ſpeake with h
O you ſir, you ſir, come you hit

*Steward.* My Ladies Father.

*Lear.* My Ladies father? my
you ſlaue, you cur.

*Stew.* I am none of this my L

*Lear.* Doe you bandie look

*Stew.* Ile not be ſtruck my L

*Kent.* Nor tript neither, you

*Lear.* I thanke thee fellow, th

*Kent.* Come ſir ile teach yo
you will meaſure your lubbers
you haue wiſedome!

*Lear.* Now friendly knaue I
thy ſeruice.

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